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THE PULP
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Bernie Jaye

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Floron Florenzo
Bernie Jaye

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THE DAREDEVILS

In issue 7 we printed posters which advertise The Daredevils comic. We asked you to get your newsagent to put the poster up and send us a signed slip confirming the event. We promised autographed copies to the first hundred we received.

Well... we've overprinted on the posters so have a lot more available!!

If fear of not being in the first hundred put you off, forget it. Send the newsagents slip in and we'll send you an autographed poster!

Have a good read and a
good month —
Bernie.

PS Congratulations to D. Chandler of Sudbury, Suffolk who has won this issue's original cover artwork! Read about it on the letters page.



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Cover:
Alan Davis
and D. Chandler



THEY ARE CLANDESTINE, THEY ARE FEINTINGLY POWERFUL AND THEY ARE NOT OUR FRIENDS.



THEY HAVE WALKED AMONG US FOR MORE THAN FORTY YEARS, ROBBING US OF OUR INDEPENDENCE AND ENDANGERING OUR LIVES...



AMERICA IS OVER-RUN WITH THEM. THEY HAVE ESTABLISHED Footholds IN CANADA, AFRICA AND THE MIDDLE EAST.

EVEN RUSSIA HAS NOT PROVEN IMMUNE.

MANY OF THE CREATURES ARE INDIVIDUALLY AS POWERFUL AS ENTIRE ARMIES, AND THEY NUMBER IN HUNDREDS...

HUNDREDS!

NW

WE HAVE ENCOURAGED THEM! LAST MONTH, PRESIDENT RONALD REAGAN GRANTED A FULL PARDON TO THE MINDLESS ENGINE OF DESTRUCTION KNOWN AS THE HULK.



SIR JAMES JASPERS, M.P.

THESE MONSTERS IGNORE OUR LAWS AND THREATEN OUR FREEDOM. YET WE WELCOME THEM WITH OPEN ARMS! THEY MUST BE CONTAINED! BUT HOW?

HOW DO YOU CONTAIN A BEING THAT CAN UPROOT MOUNTAINS OR WALK THROUGH WALLS?

HOW DO YOU REPRIMAND CREATURES THAT ARE INDESTRUCTIBLE, THAT CAN BEND THE VERY LIGHTNING TO THEIR WILL?



HOW DO WE SUPPRESS THE SUPERMEN?

BUT LET THEM KNOW THIS...



IMPREGNABLE THOUGH THEY MAY BE, HUMANITY IS AWARE OF THE MENACE THEY POSE. WE HAVE CLOSED OUR RANKS AGAINST THEM AND WE STAND DETERMINED...



...WAITING TO SEE WHO WILL MAKE THE NEXT MOVE.

STALE...

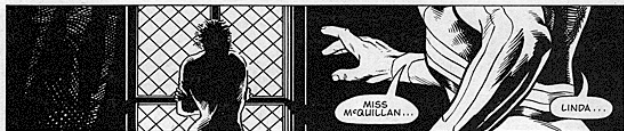
...MATE.

WAITING FOR THE END OF THE WORLD

CAPTAIN BRITAIN



CO-CREATORS
ALAN MOORE
AND
ALAN DAVIS
LETTERER
S. CRADDOCK
EDITOR
BERNIE JAYE





TERRIFIC
SPEECH, SIR
JAMES...

INDEED.

WELL, WORTH
THE TRIP FROM
THE COLONIES,
SIR JAMES.



THANK YOU,
SEBASTIAN.
GLAD YOU
COULD
MAKE IT.

NONE OF THIS WOULD
HAVE BEEN POSSIBLE
WITHOUT THE GENER-
OUS CONTRIBUTIONS
THAT SHAW INDUST-
RIES HAVE
MADE.

SMALL CHANGE,
SIR JAMES. MERE
COPPERS. AND
SPEAKING OF, AH,
"COPPERS" AS YOU
ENGLISH SAY...



... ALLOW ME TO
INTRODUCE MR.
PETER GYRICH. PETER'S
WITH CENTRAL
INTELLIGENCE...

UH...
ALTHOUGH I'M
NOT HERE IN ANY, UH,
OFFICIAL CAPACITY.
I HASTEN TO ADD,
HA HA.

HA HA.



IT'S GOOD TO HAVE
YOU ABOARD, PETER.
SEBASTIAN MUST DRAG
YOU DOWN TO THE CLUB
THE NEXT TIME YOU'RE
BOTH IN TOWN.

NOW, IF
YOU'LL EXCUSE
ME...

JIMMY,
DARLING!
OVER
HERE!!

... AND SO IT GOES ON, A CAROUSEL OF INTRO-
DUCTIONS AND HANDSHAKES AND BACKSLAPS
AND MUSKY PERFUMES AND AMBASSADORS'
WIVES. RINGING LAUGHTER LIKE ICE-CUBES,
GIN AND INSINCERITY...



HE FEELS
GHOSTLY
AND
DISTANT
AGAIN.

HE WANTS TO LAUGH,
BUT HE FEELS TOO
SAD BECAUSE THE
WINE IS WRONG. IT'S
WHITE WINE. HE
DOESN'T LIKE WHITE
WINE.

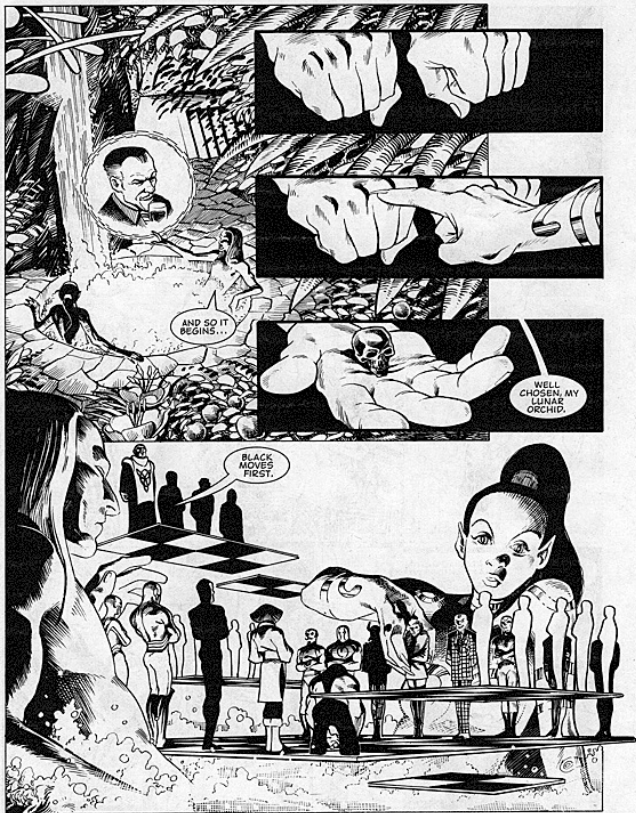


HE ONLY LIKES
RED WINE.



A CABINET
MINISTER IS
TELLING A
STORY ABOUT
A NUN AND
A RHESUS
MONKEY.

THE BRITTLE SHRIEKS
OF DISTANT HOSTESSES
SPINTER AGAINST THE
SMOKY-BLUE GLASS-
INESS OF EVERYTHING.
A CROOKED MAN IS
SMILING A CROOKED
SMILE.





YOUR FORCES NOW CONTROL S.T.R.I.K.E. FROM WITHIN, DO THEY NOT?







ELIZABETH...

LOOK, LET'S
LEAVE NOW
WHILE WE
CAN STILL...

IT IS OUR FIGHT.
SOMETHING'S GOING
TO HAPPEN HERE, ON
THIS WORLD. IT
AFFECTS US ALL...
BUT I DON'T KNOW
WHAT IT IS.

I WONDER
WHY NOT?

BE
QUIET,
TOM.

I'M GETTING
SOMETHING...



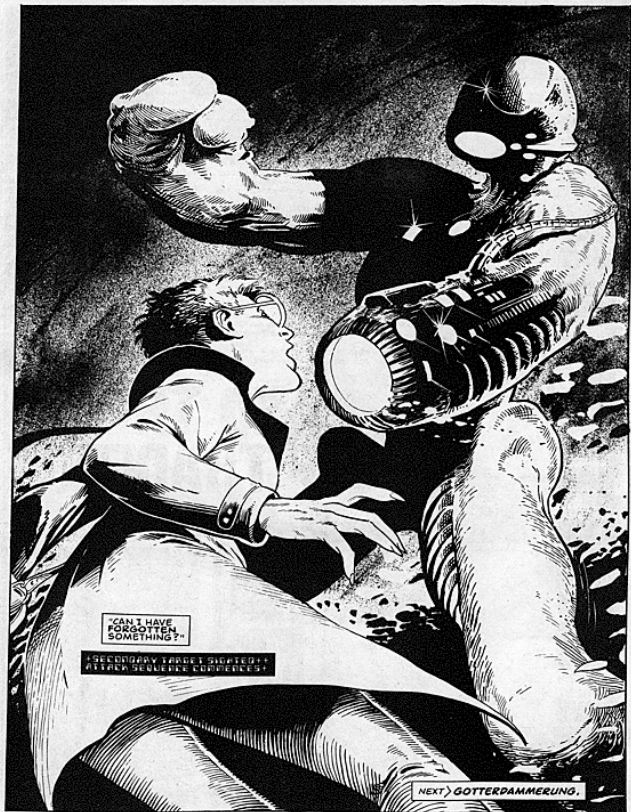
... AND SORES AND
HUNGER AND LICE.
TOM, MY HEAD'S
FULL OF SCREAMING
PEOPLE...

"WIRE..."

"... AND ONE OF
THEM'S ME!"







"CAN'T HAVE
FORGOTTEN
SOMETHING?"

"SECONDARY TARGET SIGHTED!!
ATTACK SEQUENCE COMMENCES!"

NEXT > GOTTERDAMMERUNG.

NIGHT RAVEN

"I know, I may be wrong (after all, there's a first time for everything) but it seems to me that people need and enjoy 'the unknown'. In a world gone mad with killer satellites and extra-crunchy fried chicken, they like the idea of not knowing what may be lurking 'out there'."

It's for this reason that, over the past half-century, certain fantasy characters have consistently touched a responsive chord in the popular imagination. Characters with hazy motivations and an all-pervading air of mystery. Characters that some of you may never even have heard of.

Characters like the *Shadow*, the *Black Bat* and the *Spider, Master of Men*. Characters like the *Avenger* and the enigmatic *Phantom Detective*. Characters, too, like the mysterious *Night Raven*, one of the most enthralling British comic strip heroes of all time...

The mysterious *Night Raven* made his debut in Marvel UK's *HULK WEEKLY* in a series of shadow-drenched narratives written by Steve Parkhouse and delineated by HOUSE OF HAMMER artist David Lloyd.

Night Raven was a saturnine man-of-mystery type created in the image of such vintage American crimebusters as the *Green Hornet*, the *Crimson Avenger* and the original *Sandman*.

He wore modified streetclothes — a belted trenchcoat and a snap-brim hat — and sported

a sinister full-face mask with vaguely bird-like lineaments.

Despite a strong American influence the original *Night Raven* concept was as English as the poet Milton. His poem *L'ALLEGRO*, contains the line "Where brooding darkness spreads his jealous wings, and the *Night Raven* sings..." This line was adapted for use as *Night Raven's* catchphrase: "Where brooding darkness spreads its evil wings, the *Night Raven* sings..."

Like Milton's poem, the *Night Raven* strip was steeped in the lore of the Night, replete with mucho clummy atmospherics and weirdness.

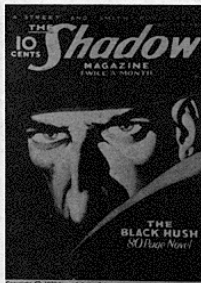
Parkhouse wrote the scripts at nightmarish pace and Lloyd responded with appropriately moody graphics. His workmanlike linear style and plentiful blacks lent weight and authority to the *Night Raven* saga, creating an atmosphere of darkness and death. Creepy stuff? You bet!

Like all good heroes, *Night Raven* took his crime-fighting pretty seriously. He was a loner who operated outside the law, ruthlessly stalking his prey across the silver-blue sheen of wet pavements, his trenchcoat flashing like the underbelly of a shark.

He embodied a spirit of grim vengeance. The idea of rehabilitation never so much as crossed his mind. He believed in giving thugs a taste of their own medicine.



AND THE PULP TRADITION



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One of his favourite stunts was to brand an indelible mark on his enemies' aching foreheads, using a gimmick concealed in the palm of his glove. Some fun, eh kids?

Night Raven worked alone, with no teenage sidekick, faithful butler or crusty old police commissioner to confide in. Both his origin and the question of his true identity were shrouded in mystery, thus making him seem rather remote and enigmatic.

What's more, his mask completely covered his face, concealing the important element of facial expression and making reader identification even more difficult. Even so, his exploits had a compelling one-note style that kept the readers coming back for more.

After a while David Lloyd bowed out, to be replaced by another former HOUSE OF HAMMER brush-jockey, the excellent John Bolton.

Bolton envisioned *Night Raven's* adventures in a shadowy style that was perfect for the subject matter. In one particularly memorable sequence, *Night Raven* matched his wits against a bloodthirsty Chinese Tong whose leader, a beautiful but depraved girl named Yi Yang, thought nothing of killing her followers if they displeased her.

She was a direct descendant of such deadlier-than-the-male types as the *Dragon Lady* and *Jim Steranko's Madame Hydra*. (*Madame Hydra* remains my all-time favourite comic book villainess... wotcha doll...)

Her cold-blooded machinations — to say nothing of her pet tiger! — almost put paid to *Night Raven's* career but, in the end he lived to fight another day. Bet you knew it all along.

Night Raven starred in his own strip for less than a year. The series was popular and readers requested more but the powers-that-be dictated otherwise. Other projects (notably the Doctor Who monthly) were allowed to come first and *Night Raven* was reluctantly dropped.

Some time later *Night Raven* was brought out of mothballs and awarded his own text series in the monthly SAVAGE ACTION, which later became part of MARVEL SUPERHEROES.

This time his adventures were scribed by the likes of Paul Neary, Alan Moore and a myster-

ious personage known as Maxwell Stockbridge. (The name Maxwell Stockbridge was a combination of two of the most famous pseudonyms in the annals of pulp fiction — Maxwell Grant and Grant Stockbridge!)

Though *Night Raven* was still depicted as a night-prowling agent of retribution, the text format built round him called for certain changes. Neary's version of *Night Raven* was a damn sight more bizarre than the original prototype — a spectral figure with 'a face of bones'. There were times when he seemed positively inhuman, as in this sequence from *Death's Divide*:

"By the glow of an ancient oil lamp the hunched figure read, his clawlike hands smoothing the tattered paper into place... Alternately lurching and ducking from shadow to shadow he gazed about his rooms. His movements bore more resemblance to those of a crippled raven than a human being..."

Add to this his habit of speaking to himself in "strange hissing and clucking sounds" and you'll see that the resurrected *Night Raven* was a pretty weird customer. He could only have been inspired by the American crime pulps of the 30s and 40s.

At the time of this writing, *Night Raven's* dark odyssey is being charted by Alan Moore, the current dean of British comicdom.

If anything, Moore's *Night Raven* is even more bizarre than Neary's. For a start he looks like he's been through a mixmaster with blunt blades (*Night Raven*, that is; not Moore). His body is little more than a shapeless mass of exposed ganglia and nerve endings. His clothes are grubby and crumpled; his hands are "twisted protrusions of hands, clad in soiled and torn gloves." He is at once a frightening and pathetic figure.

According to Moore, who has a fetish for tying up other people's loose ends, *Night Raven's* bone-like face is a legacy of his run-in with the aforementioned Yi Yang.

Moore has also injected a healthy element of 'human interest' into the *Night Raven* saga. Perhaps his finest story to date is *White Hopes*, *Red Nightmares* (MARVEL SUPERHEROES issue 393), which appears to have been written as a homage to the American author Stephen King. (The narrative is even full of

references to 'the bogeyman', King's catch-all phrase for the childhood fears that return to haunt us in later life).

Some of the details are a bit gruesome but, as American comic artist Jack Binder once remarked, "every kid likes blood and thunder as a state of growing up."

Throughout his career *Night Raven* has provided enough blood and thunder to satisfy even the most jaded readers. He remains an intriguing character whose full potential has yet to be realised.

As I mentioned a little earlier, *Night Raven's* dark lineage can be traced all the way back to the American pulp magazines of the 30s and 40s. The pulps were the equivalent of today's paperbacks — cheap mass-produced magazines named after the soft fibrous pulp paper on which they were printed. "The pulps," wrote American pundit Jim Steranko, "were cheaply printed, luridly illustrated, sensationally written and cost a thin dime."

Pulp fiction spanned virtually every subject imaginable: crime, horror, SF, adventure, espionage, aviation and romance, among others. More to the point, the pulps exploited every facet of superheroism. No character was too weird, no idea too far-fetched. The sky was quite literally the limit.

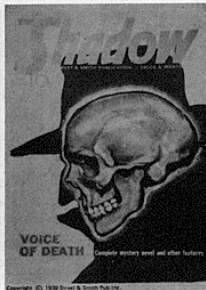
Despite stiff competition from *Doc Savage*, *Men of Bronze* and *G-8* and his *Battle Aces*, the most popular pulp hero of them all was the *Shadow*, a no-nonsense crimebuster who quite sensibly preferred to shoot first and ask questions later. I mean, why take chances — right?

According to Steranko (that man again!) the basic *Shadow* concept was created by one George G. Jenkins in a 35-page novelette called *The Shadow of Wall Street*.

Jenka's effort was fairly well-received but it wasn't until Maxwell Grant, alias newspaper reporter and part-time illusionist Walter Gibson, appeared on the scene that the *Shadow* really caught on.

Gibson was a master of the American language (American is a language unto itself, as separate and distinct from English as is Swahili). He wrote the first *Shadow* novel, a 75,000-word tale of mayhem entitled *The Living Shadow*. It sold out.

The follow-up, *Eyes of the Shadow*, proved



equally popular. All at once, the masked avenger cult became the pulp publisher's equivalent of the Holy Grail. A multitude of night-gaunt avengers appeared almost overnight.

Looking back, it seems like there must have been hundreds of 'em: the *Spider*, the *Phantom Detective*, the *Black Bat*, the *Black Hood* (who later went on to star in his own comic book), the *Green Lama* (ditto), the *Avenger*, the *Whisperer*, the *Ghost*, the *Cobra*, the *Night Hawk* and many more.

Some of these characters ran for years; others fizzled out overnight. Many were shamelessly patterned after the *Shadow* but not one of them managed to equal him in terms of popularity. With his familiar slouch hat, all-enveloping cloak and twin .45s, he was the acknowledged king of the sombre set.

The *Shadow* quickly became an American institution. It's not hard to see why. In an era of crime, graft and cops 'on the take', the *Shadow* was incorruptible — ramrod straight. Unbelievably powerful, unstinting in his absolute self-belief. An unswerving sense of purpose served as his character armour against the world.

The *Shadow* didn't give a hoot about anyone's neuroses. What's more, his hands weren't tied by a namby pamby judicial system. He dispenses justice with bullets, swift and deadly. A few rounds fired from his trusty .45s were enough to solve even the thorniest of legal problems.

All told the *Shadow* appeared in a staggering 325 complete novels, 282 of which were written by *Gibson*. He also starred in two full-length films, a chapterplay and a long-running radio series, which served to popularise his now legendary catchphrase: "The weed of crime bears bitter fruit. Who knows what evil lurks in the hearts of men? THE SHADOW KNOWS!"

A pleasantly macabre code to the legend of the *Shadow* is provided by American psychic researcher John Keel.

It seems that the Greenwich Village house in which *Gibson* chronicled many of the *Shadow*'s exploits is now said to be haunted. The ghost wears a slouch hat and a cloak and has been seen on a number of occasions, silently slinking from room to room.

Keel believes that this *Shadow*-like apparition may be a kind of thought-form generated by *Gibson*'s intense concentration on his *Shadow* novels — an intriguing theory.

The masked avenger cult exemplified by the *Shadow* can be traced back, via such vintage French movie characters as *Fantomas* and *Jurix*, to Britain's own *Springheeled Jack*, who appeared in numerous 'penny dreadfuls' of the 1870s.

Old *Jack* was really a cheated heir with a chip on his shoulder. With typically top-sided logic he worked off his feelings of resentment by dressing up in a skin-tight costume adorned with bat-style wings and roaming the countryside in search of crime.

According to *ES Turner*, *Jack*'s party pieces included separating duellists, rescuing people from torture chambers and stuffing policemen head-first down chimneys! Sounds like a fun guy to have around!

Oddly enough, there really was a *Springheeled Jack* — a tall, caped phantom who terrorised the Home Counties in the 1830s. He was able to leap great distances (hence the name) and often sprayed a noxious gas into the faces of his victims.

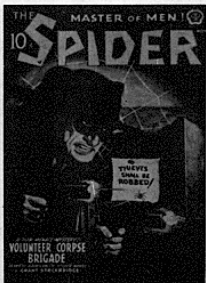
A similar figure stalked the small town of Mattoon, Illinois, USA in the 40s. Known as the *Mattoon Gasser*, he wore what appeared to be a home-made *Shadow* outfit and specialised in spraying a noxious gas into people's windows. Despite an extensive man-hunt, he was never caught. All of which goes to prove the old chestnut that the truth is often stranger than fiction.

And that's about it. *Peter Haining*, the author of *TERROR*, a book of illustrations taken from the old horror pulps, believes that nostalgia for the past "might lead to... the whole pulp cycle beginning all over again." This doesn't really seem likely. The memory of the pulp era fades with each passing generation. Nevertheless, its influence lives on, embodied by such heroes of the comic pages as *DC's Batman* and our old friend *Night Raven*.

As long as their adventures continue to appear on a regular basis, the pulp tradition will never truly die out.

PETE SCOTT ●

blood and thunder



KNOCKABOUT

COMICS ●

How many of you are familiar with the name of *Knockabout Comics*? Be honest now: 25,000 mystified frowns appear on the faces of the readership right?

Well, *Knockabout* are a little recognised (even among the comic fans) yet integral part of the British comics industry. It's a pretty even chance that the first underground comic you picked up (or will pick up) was an issue of the *Fabulous Furry Freak Brothers*. The British editions relating the escapades of *Freeheelin' Franklin*, *Phin-eas* and *Fat Freddy* (not to mention his cat) are printed and distributed by *Knockabout*, along with 11 other titles.

They're also the biggest importer of American underground titles.

Knockabout was originated by *Tony and Carol Bennett* in 1975 but, in the manner of a *Roy Thomas* story, the origins of the firm stretch back further, to 1966 and an

alternative bookshop in Brighton called Unicorn Books.

Founded by *Bill Butler*, a 6 foot 7 inch American from Montana, his idea was to publish material as well as run the shop but, as the years rolled on it became impractical to combine the two occupations. *Butler's* solution was to close the shop, install a printing press in a crumbling Welsh farmhouse, institute a commune and carry on the publishing there from 1972 to 1975.

Tony moved from Brighton as well, ostensibly to design book jackets and distribute material, 'but I found I kept healthy by having to rebuild the house every so often.'

The distribution of material involved driving a van around the country dropping off Unicorn's products, poetry and music magazines and underground comics, at shops that would take them.

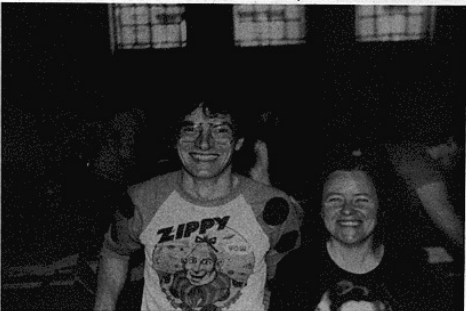
The commune eventually

fell apart, leaving *Tony* jobless at a time when it was less than fashionable. However, he enjoyed the underground comics, they sold well and he had the contacts, so with this in mind *Tony* and his wife, *Carol*, formed *Hassle Free Press*.

Hassle Free Press continued distributing underground comics imported from the USA, and expanded to take on other publications, including some dealing with drugs. *Carol* is quick to point out, though, that *Knockabout* are not endorsing experimentation with dangerous substances: 'what we believe is that if people have to use drugs it's better that they know how to use them than dying from abuse,' a reasonable and responsible attitude.

1976 saw *Hassle Free Press* publish the first of 7 issues of the *Fabulous Furry Freak Brothers*, compiling their editions from the variety of formats in which the *Freaks* had seen print in the States.

Tony and Carol Bennett at one of the Comic Marts at Westminster Hall, London.



REVIEWS
by alan moore

ENERGY NO 1

Available from Howard Stan-
groom, 10 Geneva Drive, Redcar,
Cleveland, TS10 1JP for 60p,
including postage.

This is a sort of sampler of
various items of interest to have
come out of the BAPA, the
British Amateur Press Association.
A set up in which each member of
a circle of correspondents agrees
to produce a limited number of
copies of their own fanzine every
three months.

These are then mailed out to the
other members and four times a
year everybody receives a huge
mailing containing upwards of a
hundred and fifty pages of read-
ing material. Bit like a literary
chain letter, I suppose, except
that you don't have an ominous
gypsy cure guaranteed to kill all
your household pets hanging over
you if you break the chain.

What you do have, at least from
the sampling, is a splendid Dave
Harwood cover, a well-considered
and entertaining article on *Skull*
the *Slayer* by Keith Williams, an
utterly heart-breaking and
inspired six-page Eddie Campbell
strip, an interesting piece on Jim
Steranko by Simon Booth and some
prose fiction from Martin
Lock.

On top of all this there's an
impeccable *Doctor Who* . . .
strip by the dynamic-but-balding
Lew Stringer, without a doubt
currently the funniest cartoonist
living in Nuneaton.

This is a lively, intelligent zine,
and sixty pence isn't going to kill
you.

THE BURK AND HARE TV
ANNUAL 1983

Available from Paul West, 21
Norwich Road, Exwick, Exeter,
Devon, EX4 2DN for 50p, includ-
ing postage.

Well, this is a thumping good
read and no mistake, no doubt
reflecting the eclectic tastes of
editor Graeme Bassett. To some
degree or another, since his tastes
seem to run entirely parallel with
my own you'll find no arguments
on that score.

The nicest thing about it is the
decision to include coverage of
some of those things that every-
body likes but that are usually
excluded from fanzines because
of their lack of fantasy content.
Things like *The Young Ones* and
Star Fleet and Philip Saville's
brilliant direction as seen in *Boys
From The Blackstuff*.

All of these are covered both
originally and with insight,
along with other nice surprises
like a lengthy review of the works
of horror writer Ramsey Camp-
bell, who, for what it's worth, is
about my favourite scream-scifi-
of the moment. There's also a
piece on the BBC cartoon *Robin
and the Hood* and an interview with the *TV
21* and *Look-In* artist Mike Noble.

Oh yeah, and a piece on *Marvel*
magazines by Pete Scott that describes
me as looking like " . . . a typical
early '70s downer-freak." I mean,
huh? Most of this is as much
reasonably expected to endure?
I mean, a joke's a joke, right? I'm
utterly appalled at the way in
which a so-called, self-styled
liberal like Pete Scott, who no
doubt blubbed and snivelled sel-
f-righteously all the way through
Exquisite Corpse, can turn round
and poke fun at me just because
I'm not conventionally handsome.

Buy, but tear out the last four
pages and burn them before read-
ing.

CYGNUS ALPHA NO 8

Available from Paul West, 21
Norwich Road, Exwick, Exeter,
Devon, EX4 2DN for 80p, includ-
ing postage.

The magazine has a sort of
instant classicism that Graham
Bleathman's immaculate wrap-
around cover does nothing to
dispel.

The bulk of the articles focus
upon fantasy as featured on the
page or small screen, so we get
a feature on the *Doctor Who* Earth-
shock story, reviews of *Conan*,
Blade Runner, *The Heavy Metal*
Movie, *ET* and *The Wrath of
Khan*, Graeme Bassett talks about
Gerry Anderson's *UFO*, various
columns and con reports and an
interesting and readable strip
from the pen of Graeme Bassett
and the pencil of Graham *Bleath-
man*, which has a compelling tele-
visual quality to the story telling
and is thus not at all out of place
in a mag like *Cygnus Alpha*.

Stick with satisfying, with over
fifty pages of well-printed
reduced type and lots to read for
your money.

letters

THE COVER THIS ISSUE!

Congratulations to D. Chandler of 104A Pot Kiln Road,
Great Zomard, Sudbury, Suffolk for producing the prize-
winning cover sketch which formed the basis of this
month's Daredevils cover drawn by Alan Davis.

For those of you who don't remember this competition
(issue 1) very well, D. Chandler will be receiving the
original Alan Davis/D. Chandler finished artwork as a
prize!

Apologies from Paul Neary who was going to do the
finished artwork initially. He was unavailable because of
tight deadlines on the Octopussy film adaptation.

Thanks to Alan Davis for being delighted to step in.

And last of all, but not least, congratulations again to
D. Chandler.

Dear Bernie,

When there's enough material
you could take all the *Captain
Britain* episodes and put them in
one big colour volume, like the
Marvel Graphic Novels and, either
put them on regular distribution
or sell them through direct-sales
channels in Britain and the USA.
Or use the British Annual format.

Bernie, bring out a range of
Marvel Superhero T-shirts for us
to buy through ads in the comics.
There are some great posters
which have appeared in the
weeklies and would look great
reproduced on T-shirts, sweat
shirts, etc, while we're at it,
badges. I'd certainly buy one with
the *Doctor Strange* poster on that
appeared in *Spider-Man*. Come to
think of it, from looking at my
wall they're all worthy of T-shirts!

To a more general aspect of
the *Daredevils* now and can I say
how much I've enjoyed Alan
Moore's articles on *Frank Miller*,
Stan Lee, *Women in Comics* and
particularly his review of *Chinese
Comics*. I've never seen a Chinese
comic-book come to think of it,
I've never thought of the Chinese
having comics! I'm now looking
forward to reading about the
Japanese and Hong Kong publica-
tions.

How about future articles on
European comics (aside from the
US reprints), Australian comics
(do they have an industry or do
they just survive on IPC and
American reprints), Russian
comics and the South African
comics industry.

Let's also have interviews with
Britain's top comic creators like
Alan Moore, Alan Davis, Bernie
Jay (try and interview yourself
Bernie!), Steve Dillon, David
Lloyd (another one), Mick Austin
etc.

Also, how about an article on
Japanese animation. The Japs
have some of the finest animated
films in the world and some of
the subject matter isn't too far

away from what's happening in
comics.

I've really enjoyed the letters
section in *The Daredevils*; there's
been some really intelligent,
interesting and, most importantly,
entertaining letters in the mag and
I just hope that fans don't lose
interest, 'cause it'd be a shame to
see such a great package go the
same way as *Rampage*, *Marvel
Superheroes* and so many of
Marvel UK comics in the past,
ie discontinued.

Before I sign off I must disagree
with Ross Cowin of Stafford. It is
more than a comic - it's a mag-
azine!!!!

Yours sincerely,
Gavin Ross,

2 Gainford Ave, Linthorpe,
Middlesbrough,
Cleveland, TS5 7RF

Thanks for all your suggestions!
Alan Moore wasn't responsible for
the *Chinese Comics* article, it was
Steve Moore. Apologies from us
to Steve for not crediting him on
that issue.

Can you write or draw?

Fanzines are an excellent way
of entering and taking part in
the world of comics. Amalgam
is a new fanzine that should be
produced later this year.
Edited by R Kirby (no relation)
and Andrew Pearson,
Amalgam will be a 28 page
black and white mag. They are
looking for writers and artists.
If anyone is interested then
should contact R Kirby
(Amalgam) at 2 Bramshot
Close, London Road, Hitchin,
Herts, SG4 9EP. It might be
an idea to send them a
stamped addressed envelope.

Chris Williams of 53 Farley, Tyne, Near Huddersfield (telephone 0484 665831), is looking for a writer he can illustrate or a fanzine that would be interested in his work.

Chris especially likes Conan and such epic adventures. So heads down lads and get in touch with Chris.

Dear Bernie, Alan, Florin, Pazuzu, etc,

Daredevils issue 7 is just the kind of thing to brighten up a day of turgid English Literature revision. Good strips and features for the non-lobotomised - hard to come by in most comics!

After 7 months I suppose it's about time I wrote to you about the DD's - you've got the balance of strips and features well... er... balanced and I like the subject matter. You seem to be concerned with spreading enlightenment and opening our dozy closed minds - good thing!

I especially enjoyed the article on *Music and Comics* - the 'V' idea sounds interesting but how about inverting the process and making "comic-videos" for popular music (I don't mean crap like *Buck's Fizz*, of course, but any serious tracks could do - how about Alan Davis doing a strip-video [salacious, eh?] of *Temptation by Heaven 17*).

You could capture the essence of the music in the panels and print the lyrics as captions or speech/thought balloons. No? Or perhaps *Smash Hits* will give it a go (if this idea catches on, remember who thought of it first!)

There's no point in me saying how *INCREDIBLE* *Daredevil* is 'cos everybody else has but *CB* is something else.

Economical, clean, witty, realistic, stylish - and that's only the artwork.

Alan Moore is the British Frank Miller, everybody's praying to him - deservedly so.

In future I'd like to see *CB* explore some of the areas that US comics have made such a cock-up of in the past - love, hate, sex(1) and violence.

If you do decide to take the strip in such a direction then for God's sake do it with the utmost care! I couldn't stand to see another good idea go down the grid.

I think that *CB*, the *Marvelman* and even *Skizz* to an extent, are examples of the future of comics.

It's taken 20-odd years, since heroes first began to get colds and have to take exams, to now when Robbie O'Rourke sneaks into a pub under-age and people get hurt in fights.

The only way that comics are going to survive is by giving them some fibre - the *Spider-Man* drug stories had it, so does *DD* and *Rosin*, be it realism or sheer

power of the story telling.

The best comic strips grip you by the throat and make you pay attention.

I think the *Special Executive* are a bit weird to be called a Superhero team and a bit too sci-fi for DD's. Put them in the *Star Tigers*, whenever it comes out (oh come on, you've GOT to put it out!) The characters are sound and Alan Davis' slick artwork suits them.

The DD's and *Warrior* are the *Clash* and the *Sex Pistols* of comics, because you're blowing the rest of the crap away. Though I'll never forgive you for allowing those nihilistic drone-merchants, *Joy Division* a mention in the letters column, I might hate you less if you can avoid cancellation (preferably forever!).

Best wishes,
Andrew Harrison,

Cross Farmhouse,
Mairscoth Lane, Downholland,
Lancashire, L29 7HT

PS I don't mind captions on the cover but the artwork has been a bit skimpy on issues 5, 6 and 7. Those excellent painted Neary or Richardson covers are better, far more classy and it makes you feel you've got your 60p's worth. Ta!

A Marvel Top Ten with a difference! Sent in by David Barnett of 15 Westwood Terrace, Lower Ince, Nr Wigan, Lancashire.

1. Keep Feeling Fascination by the *Special Executive*
2. Blue Moon by the *Watcher*
3. Greased Lightning by *Quicksilver*
4. Heaven Can Wait by *Simon Garth (the Zombie)*
5. I Fell in Love with a Starship Trooper by *Starlord's mother*
6. Down Under by the *Mole Man*
7. Blinded by the Light by *Dazzler*
8. Devil Woman by *Satana*
9. Lip Up, Fatty by the *Blob*
10. Shoot That Poison Arrow by *Hawkeye*

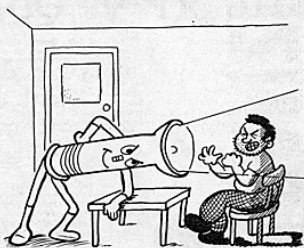
Dear Bernie,

After 6 issues I had just about come to the conclusion that *The Daredevils* might not be improved in its present format, when along came no 7 to make me change my mind.

First things first then. Rough

WHAT IF...

THE HUMAN TORCH REALLY LIVED UP TO HIS NAME?



LEN STRICKER

'ALRIGHT! ALRIGHT! I'LL CONFESS!'

Justice, the latest chapter in the saga of the newest *Captain Britain* showed Alan Moore's propensity (I think that's the right word!) for tantalising his readers with mysterious new characters at the drop of a hat.

The introduction of *Linda McQuillan* who is, I take it, the same *Linda* who escaped in the *Transporter* Booth (or perhaps I shouldn't try to second-guess Mr Moore?) and, the manner in which it was done, made for a gripping counterpoint to the trial of *Saturnyne*. Speaking of which I see the supremely talented *Alan Davis* is still playing 'Face in the Crowd', on page 8 this time.

I recognise *Mr Miracle* on the left of the thinly disguised *Terry Wogan* and *Captain Canuck* to the right of *Neil (RIP)*. Also an unidentified member of the *Green Lantern Corps* is visible behind the *Anti-grav Platform*. Gee, this is fun!

Steve Moore's informative article on Japanese comics is one of those curious items I love to read. Useless but terribly fascinating (one might say I have a 'yen' for this kind of thing).

In reply to Alan's dilemma over

reviews of fanzines, I can only suggest that he carries on with what he is doing now.

I would like to be able to say that the *Night Raven* story stank, just to make a change from praising Alan, which is all I seem to do, but I cannot. In truth, I enjoyed it tremendously. Superb stuff! (God, he makes me sick!) Oh, yeah, that *Daredevil* strip wasn't bad, either. It could catch on, y'know, with a bit more work. Not having read the *Special Executive* stories before, I am finding them pretty good.

Frank Plowright's news feature was different, in that some of it was news to me. Usually I already know all that *Frank* passes on, through reading many UK and US Fanzines. Not this time, though. Well done *Frank*.

Well, I think I've said my lot for this month. I will just warn you, though, that we'll be taking you up on your invitation to submit articles. Boy, are you gonna regret saying that!

Yours,
Dale Coe

41 Whitecross Road,
Warrington,
Cheshire, WA5 1LR

DAREDEVILS, MARVEL
COMICS, 205-211,
KENTISH TOWN
ROAD,
NW5.

letters



Night Raven

Writer: Alan Moore Illustrations: Alan Davis

THE SNOW QUEEN: EPISODE 3

"He's stopped breathing!"

Detective Hubbard's words hung in the sudden total silence of the amber-lit private ward like the punchline of a bad joke. There was an instant of frozen, crystalline immobility and then Sgt. Nick Kulbicki catapulted from his chair, rushing across the small room to crouch low over the pale and desiccated figure propped against the over-laundered hospital pillows.

His gnarled policeman's fingers snatched at the slender wrist of the bed's motionless occupant, lifting the limp white hand as if it were a stricken albino bird. There was no pulse. A low and steady stream of curses began to crackle beneath Kulbicki's suddenly hoarse and anxious breath. If the mark died before he'd finished his story then...

"Steve, for God's sake get that sister in here. Get a cardiac unit or some damn thing. Oh geez, what a break. What a lousy..."

The figure's chest rose beneath the thin, sweat-soured linen sheets.

And sank.
And rose again.

Cancer Divine opened his dark and sunken eyes and smiled weakly at the massive officer who sat poised upon his bedside, frantically squeezing the dying man's hand as if that pressure would restore the pulse he had been unable to find. When it came, his voice was faint and droll.

"If you don't mind officer, I don't think people should hold hands on a first date."

A thermometer-red flush of embarrassment began to rise over Kulbicki's heavy jewels. He dropped the hand as if it had instantly been transformed into a venomous reptile. And then, despite himself, he laughed.

Steve Hubbard, poised hesitantly by the door on his way to fetch the massive black nurse who sat silent and sphynx-like outside, rolled his eyes once and sat down again. The emergency was diverted, if only for the moment. Order was restored. The questioning could begin afresh.

Sunk into the bed which he knew he would never again leave, the orange-haired young man smiled at his captive audience, wringing the last drop of tension and drama from the pregnant pause before he continued with his narrative.

Observing with some small satisfaction that the nervous tic in Hubbard's cheek appeared to be reaching critical frequency, he cleared his throat and began...

"So anyway, there I was, right? Standing there just across the road from her house, Yi Yang's house, wondering what the hell I was going to do. I bet Gerda, the little girl in the fairy story, I bet she felt like that when she first saw the palace of her Snow Queen. I just know she did.

"I was still feeling kinda sick and queasy about what I'd seen... I mean, that bit where Yi Yang and my friend Chinese White had climbed out of that car and... and they were just so alike, man. I can't explain how scary that was... that awful similarity. I was just in such absolute turmoil, know what I mean? I couldn't think straight."

"I mean, I could work out how Yi Yang had made Chinese White look just like she did... their faces were near as dammit identical anyway. The Snow Queen musta noticed that before she first picked up Chinese White that night back in the Grease Gun... noticed it despite the fact that Chinese White had hair like chalk and pink eyes. And then she'd gotten her new girl-friend so loaded with cocaine she didn't know what she was doin' and made her wear green contact lenses and dye her hair black and maybe use some sorta make-up on her skin, 'cos that was white too. I dunno. Something like that, I mean, you can figure that out, right? How she did it. You can figure that out no sweat."

"But not why she did it."
"I mean, at first I thought it mighta been some, I dunno, some weird sex thing. You know, with somebody who looked just like you did. People are strange. You can never tell. And then, like, I figured maybe it was just a sort of vanity kick. But..."

"But Yi Yang, The Snow Queen... she just wasn't like that. She never did nothing just for fun. She was too evil."

"Anyway, I suddenly knew that I had to go into that house. I had... I dunno. This is hard to explain. I had this sorta feeling that all the craziness that had been hanging around everything this last couple of weeks was all coming to some kinda conclusion. Whatever it was, it was going to happen tonight, y'know?"

"And so I decided to break into the house. Wasn't that stupid? If I hadn't done that I wouldn't be dead, would I? But I did. And I am."

"Getting in was easy enough. I've done... ah, y'know... I turned over a couple of pharmacies before. Nothing really big or anything. Just enough to acquire a working familiarity with Yale locks. It's really easy. You just slip a credit card or something inbetween... but then you know all that. You're

cops. Alright... so let's just say I was inside.

"It was... it was divine! It was just so elegant I almost cried. Not in the least bit tacky, but... y'know, very sumptuous. Very Oriental. I'd have given anything to have lived in a place like that. Ahh, what the hell. At least I got to die in one, right?"

"I knew there were people in the house but most of the corridors looked pretty empty so I just sorta, y'know, creepy-crawled all over the place. And then, like I found this room. I listened outside till I was certain it was empty then I turned the handle and went in. Listen, you just simply would not believe what was in there. I mean, I know from Bizarre and this was Bizarre to the max. You know what it was?"

"It was this big, dirty, industrial machine. This huge mother that went, like, all the way up to the ceiling. It was just standing there on this utterly priceless carpet with all these incredible dragons woven into it. I thought, y'know, 'How could anybody do such a thing to a carpet like that?' It was a crime. An atrocity. I took a closer look at this big gizmo and I finally figured out what it was."

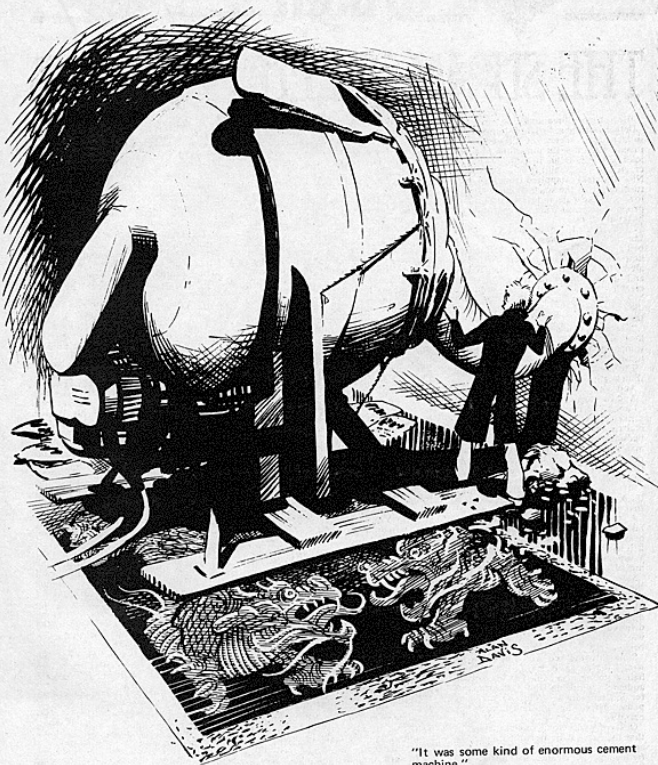
"It was some kind of enormous cement machine. I dunno... maybe they use 'em for making Shopping Malls or something. I never seen one before but then, I ain't the blue collar type. Funniest thing about it was it had this big thick hose that seemed to just lead into the wall of the room and stop dead. Now, you don't have to be Einstein to work out that it must be leading through the wall into the next room, right? So I went to take a look."

"I stepped out into the corridor 'n' I was just about to walk straight into the next room along when suddenly I heard the voices. Women's voices, coming from the room I was about to enter. So I stopped and sorta edged up to the door, which was slightly open, and then I screwed my eye up to the crack by the hinge and peeped inside."

"In the middle of the room... which was the absolute zenith of marvellousness... there was this sorta divan. And on the divan was Chinese White. Or the Snow Queen."

"And sitting talking to her, perched on the side of this bed-thing just like you are now, was the Snow Queen. Or Chinese White. You couldn't tell. They were just so damn alike. You couldn't tell 'em apart until they spoke."

"But then it was easy. You could tell which one was the Snow Queen. You could hear the glaciers in her voice."



"It was some kind of enormous cement machine."

Night Raven



The Snow Queen was the one sitting on the divan. Chinese White was the one lying on it. She looked doped . . . not on coke, though. Musta been 'luides or something. Some kinda tranquiliser. She was just stretched out there looking dopey and smiling while the Snow Queen said, not the words or anything but I can sure as hell remember the gist of it.

"She said that her and Chinese White were going to play a little trick on an old friend of the Snow Queen's. Yeah. You got it. Night Raven. She said that Night Raven would be coming to the Ice-Palace that evening looking for Yi Yang and that they were going to have some fun with him. Fun. Oh yeah. Weren't they just.

"But, like, it was the next part that was the weird part. Yi Yang started talking about how old she was. She said . . . nah, I can't tell you. She . . . oh, what the hell. She said she was six thousand years old. She said she was going to live forever. That's pretty far out, isn't it? And you know something?

"I believed her.

"Then she started talking about the Night Raven. He wasn't six thousand years old. He was only eighty or ninety or something. A spring chicken. But, like, she said that he was going to live forever too. And then . . . I remember her exact words here. She said 'But I doubt that he'll enjoy it very much after this evening.'

"Then Chinese White said something. Her voice was so small and far away I could barely hear it but the gist of it was that she wanted to know if *she* was going to live forever and never get old, like the Snow Queen. I shoulda known that was the hook that Yi Yang had used on her. See, Chinese White, she always had this real thing about getting old and ugly. I guess a lot of us do. The Snow Queen answered her. Sort of.

"She said 'I promise you that you will be preserved perfectly until the ends of time.'

"That seemed to make Chinese White happy. But it sure as hell didn't do anything for me. There was something in the way that Yi Yang had phrased her reply. Something that made me think about that goddamn cement machine in the next room. I was starting to get the picture.

"See, I knew that Night Raven and the Snow Queen weren't old buddies from way back. I'd been there the night he ripped into the V-Note and wasted half of Spanish Eddy's boys just trying to get that bitch. And like, you only had to listen to the way she said his name to get the idea that she felt just the same about him. They hated each other. Hated each other worse than poison. And if what the Snow Queen said was true, that hating had been going on for an awful long time.

"You think about that. You imagine that you're immortal, but, like, you got this really terrible enemy and he's immortal too. He's trying to kill you. You're trying to kill him.

"But you can't.

"You can't kill each other because you're both immortals. You can't kill each other . . . but maybe there are things you can do that are worse than killing.

"Like, say, just for instance, you were to lure your enemy into a room and then fill it full of quick-drying cement before he can get out? Nice idea, huh? I mean, it doesn't kill him but he can't move. He's gotta stand there with his mouth and lungs full of hard cement and he's gotta stand there *forever*. Forever, man. God, you think about that, you wanna be sick, know what I mean?

"The trouble is, how do you get the guy into the position where he's gonna be in the right place for all this to happen? Well, you set a trap. You set a trap and bait it with the one thing he wants to get his hands on more than anything in the world. Which, naturally, is you.

"Or someone that looks just like you.

"Night Raven was going to be arriving tonight. He was going to come to the house and he was going to find the girl that looked just like the woman he was sworn to kill. Naturally, the deception wouldn't stand up to close scrutiny but then, it wouldn't have to.

"As soon as he was in that room and doing whatever he intended doing to the woman he thought was Yi Yang, somebody was going to punch a switch and about a hundred gallons of cement were going to come pumping in on top of him. On him and on poor little screwed up Chinese White who wanted to live forever and be perfectly preserved. She'd be perfectly preserved alright.

"She just wouldn't be alive to appreciate it.

"I backed away from that door like a crab on methedrine. I mean . . . I'm a human being, y'know? Things like this don't happen to human beings. They happen to people in comic books and Roger Corman movies but they don't happen to real live human beings. And they sure as hell don't happen to me.

"I'd accidentally touched something immortal and ancient and evil and I just wanted to get out of there. But . . .

"But I couldn't leave her. I couldn't leave Chinese White. Not with that. All the same, though, I backed away. I couldn't help it.

"I almost backed straight into a bunch of the Snow Queen's goons who were walking down the hallway with fists full of hardware that would have made General Patton just die of envy. Luckily, I heard them before they saw me and I was able to duck into this funny little

alcove sorta under the big staircase. I stood there not daring to breathe. There was this little window behind me. I could feel the condensation on it sinking through my jeans. I was pressed up against it that close.

"The goons walked straight past me. I heard 'em go about halfway up the stairs and then stop. Then I heard that ratchety sound, like when you're loading up a weapon. They didn't move. They just sat there, halfway up the stairs. Waiting. I figured they were Yi Yang's insurance. They were to make sure that nothing got out of that room before she'd turned it into a giant cube of plaster.

"Oh god, I was just so scared, I couldn't move. I couldn't do anything without them seeing me. I was stuck there, with that damned condensation making my jeans stick to my legs. Or maybe it was cold sweat. I dunno.

"All I know is that eventually I got sick of it. I had to turn round. I was all sorta cramped up and my knees were aching. So very quietly, without making a sound, I turned to face the window.

"It looked out over the front drive. I could see the trees and the gate and the wall. I could see the spot where Yi Yang had stood when she'd given Chinese White her Death-Kiss. I stared out into the darkness and wished I was at home, or I was dead, or I was somebody else all together. As it was, only one of these wishes was granted. Maybe there is a tooth-fairy after all, eh? Anyway, I kept on looking. There was nothing better to do.

"He came over the wall.

"He didn't move like a man. He moved . . . like an insect or something. Like a spider. No. No, it was smoother than that. He sorta flowed over the wall in one movement, you know what I mean? No? No, of course you don't. You weren't there.

"The way he moved across the lawn, it was as if he didn't have any weight at all. He looked just like a twisted, torn piece of newspaper blowing in the night wind. It was eerie. It was really, really eerie.

"Night Raven was coming, with his cracked mask and his flapping coat and his knives.

I saw him and my heart stopped. I mean, literally, just stopped. I looked at that sloppy scare-crow hat that he wore and I had one of those stupid insane thoughts that always pop into you head out of nowhere whenever you're in deep trouble.

"I thought it was a shame that he didn't dress better. I thought it was a pity that he was wearing all that torn and crumpled junk. I mean, a man should dress better than that.

"At his own funeral, he should."



"Night Raven was coming, with his cracked mask and his flapping coat and his knives."

MARVEL WORK-IN SPECIAL REPORT

MARVEL WORK-IN!

The recent *Marvel Work-In* on June 4th at the Westminster Comic Mart was a big success!

The queue to our special work-in room was enormous! We didn't know we had so many fans! (We're just being modest!) Each of them received a free Marvel badge!

The special guest of honour was John Bolton. John's done some beautiful work for us in the past and more recently has drawn *King Kull* and *Marada* for *Marvel USA*.

Other guests included — Alan Moore, Mick Austin, David Lloyd, Steve Craddock, Dan Phipps, Brian Bolland and that loony two-some, Tim Quinn and Dicky Howett.

Alan was talking to the fans about future things to come in the *Captain Britain* strip, while all the artists were talking about their art and doing sketches (Dicky was actually sketching the fans themselves!). Members of the *Marvel Bullpen* were also at hand showing fans how we put together our covers.

Also lurking around were Garry Leach, Steve Dillon and Frank Plowright.

TIM AND DICKY — SUPER-STARS!!

Our summer special *Channel Thirty-three* and a *Third* has been a fantastic hit! It's creators, writer Tim Quinn, and Dicky



Pictured here are Dicky (with the dummy), Tim and seated reading a copy of *Channel Thirty-three* and a *Third* is DJ Eric Smith. Tim and Dicky were guests for *Radio Aire*, up in Yorkshire.



Here's a photo of a television screen, where Tim and Dicky (who's still holding that dummy) are talking to presenter Marilyn Webb on the 'Calender Tuesday' half hour show for Yorkshire TV on May 26.

Also greatly admired at this event was our special display of covers, posters and original artwork! Everyone seemed impressed!

Many thanks to the professionals and fans who turned up and made this event a great success. We'll have to do it again real soon!

FAMOUS MARVELITE!

The Bullpen had the pleasure of meeting one of its most prolific letter writers at the work-in — Denzie Garricques! It was nice meeting you Denz. At long last we can put a face to all those letters we've received from you!

We wonder what other well-known Marvelites, such as Philip Steele, Gavin Palmer, Mark Hawes, John Wood, to name only a few, look like?

FAN STRIP!

John Welding of *Bletchley*, Milton Keynes, will be a name to watch out for. His good friend, Noel Hannan of *Crewe*, Cheshire, showed us some of his strips at the work-in. We thought 'Darwin Was Wrong', 'Solarweeper', 'A Model Demon' and 'Fallen Angel' were very interesting.

Howett have been promoting it all over the country!

Articles have been appearing in many newspapers about the loony twosome. They've even appeared on TV and guested on a radio show!



Of the epoch known by the Nemedian chroniclers as the Pre-Cataclysmic Age, little is known. But the greatest of their kings was Kull and the greatest of his illustrators is John Bolton who sucks thoughtfully on his pipe while talking to a fan.



Brian Bolland, left, chats with two members of the Starburst team, Steve O'Leary and Alan McKenzie, the editor, right.



Mick Austin, left, looks round to talk to a tall fan who has startled him. Alan Moore, centre, discusses in detail the plot structure for *Captain Britain*, while David Lloyd, right, of *Nightraven* fame, gives tips and advice to budding illustrators. Who knows from such conversations might come the rebirth of British Comics?



There's one in every crowd, isn't there? Somewhere in the bustle of the comic mart stands Garry Leach, whose latest work for Marvel can be found in the *Mighty World of Marvel Summer Special*. Now a special prize to the first Marvelite who can identify Garry in the picture and sends us a copy of it with Mr Leach marked.

NOT JUST ANOTHER DOCTOR WHO SUMMER SPECIAL

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ADVENTURE
PLUS BONUS
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PIN-UPS**





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By
Mark Harris

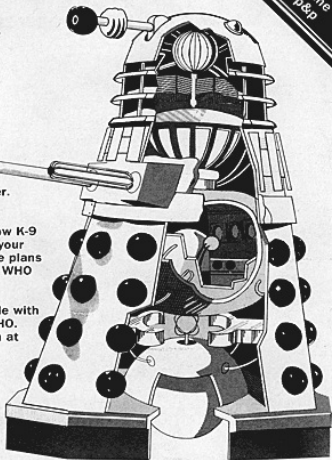
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CLOSE YOUR EYES, LET
THE NIGHT TOUCH YOU.

FEEL THE COLD, DRIVING RAIN AS IT BATTERS YOUR
FACE AND SOAKS YOUR CLOTHES...



HEAR THE MOAN OF A FREIGHT BARGE ON THE
NEARBY EAST RIVER; THE HAUNTING CHIMES OF A
SOLITARY CHURCH BELL AS IT TOLLS THE MIDNIGHT HOUR...

TASTE AIR HEAVY WITH
LINGERING FUMES OF
RUSH-HOUR TRAFFIC LONG
GONE...SMELL IN MAGGOT-
RIDDEN GARBAGE, THE
STENCH OF ANOTHER DAY'S
MISERY IN NEW YORK'S
LOWER EAST SIDE...



LET THE NIGHT
TOUCH YOU--

-- AND YOU
WILL TAKE
IN ONLY A
FRACTION
OF ITS TOTAL
TEXTURE...



...A TEXTURE FULLY
EXPERIENCED BY ONLY
ONE MAN-- A BLIND
MAN--



...AND
TODAY,
DAREDEVIL
WILL MEET--
AND BE
TOUCHED
BY--

ELEKTRA

FRANK MILLER, KLAUS JANSON, JOE ROSEN, DENNY O'NEIL, JIM SHOOTER
ARTIST AND WRITER INKER/EMBELLISHER LETTERER EDITOR ED-IN-CHIEF







...UNTIL A STREAK OF SILVER
LANCES THE AIR...

...AND AGONY EXPLODES
BEHIND SIGHTLESS EYES.

HE REELS, DIMLY
AWARE OF A
WOMAN'S FORM--

--A MOMENT
BEFORE SHE
STRIKES HIM
A BLOW THAT
ROCKS HIS
BRAIN AND
STRETCHES
THE CORDS IN
HIS NECK.

HE FALLS. HE STRUGGLES TO
REMAIN CONSCIOUS. SOME-
HOW, HE HEARS FLEEING
FOOTSTEPS...

...HEARS HIS ATTACKER
WHIRL, AND THROW
HER WEAPON...

...HEARS THE
WEAPON STRIKE
A WALL...

...HEARS THE SPLINTERING OF BONE AS IT
SMASHES AN UNPROTECTED JAW.

THEN,
HE
HEARS
HER
SPEAK...

THERE IS
A BOUNTY
OUT IN EUROPE
FOR ALARICH
WALLGQUIST.
BILGE--

--A BOUNTY I INTEND
TO COLLECT.

YOU ARE GOING TO HELP
ME CAPTURE HIM, OR I
AM GOING TO KILL YOU.

IT IS AS
SIMPLE
AS THAT.

THAT
VOICE--

ELEKTRA?!

UNCONSCIOUS DAREDEVIL
LOSES THE OUTSIDE
WORLD, FROM WITHIN,
REMEMBERED
SOUNDS AND
SMELLS COME
FORTH...

IT IS A TIME BEFORE THERE IS A DAREDEVIL.
THERE IS ONLY A NINETEEN-YEAR-OLD BOY WHO
HAS NOT YET FOUND A PURPOSE FOR HIS
STRANGE POWERS--MATT MURDOCK, FRESH-
MAN, STUDYING PRE-LAW AT COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY.



CAREFUL,
BUDDY!
STATUE AT
TWELVE
O'CLOCK!

FOGGY, I'VE TOLD
YOU BEFORE--
YOU DON'T HAVE
TO POINT OUT
OBSTACLES
TO ME.



--I JUST WANNA MAKE SURE
NOTHING HAPPENS TO MY NEW
ROOMIE. NOT TO MENTION
THE SMARTEST--



FOGGY?
ARE YOU
ALL
RIGHT?

NOT TO WORRY,
RED! I ALWAYS
LAND BUTTER
SIDE UP!



UM,
Y'SEE,
SIR...

I SEE, NELSON, THAT YOU ARE
BLOCKING THE WAY. I SEE THAT
I AM ESCORTING A NEW STUDENT--
AN IMPORTANT NEW STUDENT--
AROUND THE CAMPUS.



...AND HEARS A VOICE.
SOFT AS VELVET.



MISS, I--
UFF!

BACK! YOU WILL NOT
TOUCH HER!

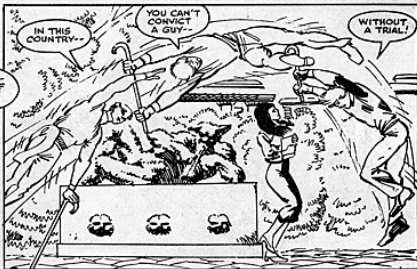
ATHOS-- DON'T--



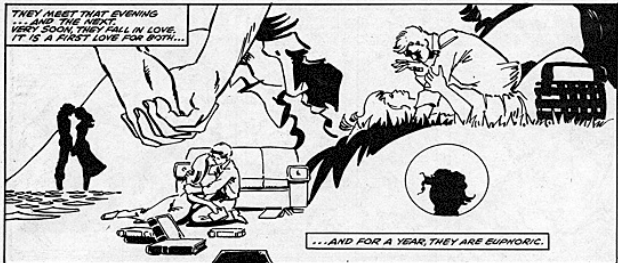
ELEKTRA!...







THEY MEET THAT EVENING
...AND THE NEXT
VERY SOON, THEY FALL IN LOVE.
IT IS A FIRST LOVE FOR BOTH...



...AND FOR A YEAR, THEY ARE EUPHORIC.

THEN... I'M NOT THE ONLY
ONE THEY MADE
WEAR THESE THINGS.



BUT,
FOGGY--
MOOSE
ANTLERS?

IT'S
INITIATION,
MATT.

I'M GONNA JOIN OMEGA
DELTA IF IT KILLS ME.
ANYBODY WHO'S EVERYBODY
IS AT OMEGA DELTA!

GOSH, I'M
HUNGRY AS
A BEAR.
WHAT
SAY WE...



I CAN'T, FOGGY.
TODAY'S ELEKTRA'S
BIRTHDAY, AND
WE'RE GOING TO...

WHAT'S
THAT NOISE?

WHAT NO! -- OH, GOLLY! LOOK
AT ALL THOSE COPS. WONDER
WHAT'S GOING ON?



SOME-
THING IS
'VERY WRONG
HERE.

YOU
COULD
CUT THE
TENSION
IN THE
AIR.

LIKE, THERE'S THIS
RILLY INTENSE SCENE
IN THERE, Y'KNOW?
THERE'S THESE GUYS
HOLDING HOSTAGES,
LIKE IN THE ADMINI-
STRATION BUILDING.
INTENSE. RILLY
INTENSE.



HEY-- I
LIKE THE
ANTLERS.

THANKS!

HOLD ON A SECOND...
THE ADMINISTRATION
BUILDING! ISN'T THAT
WHERE YOU'RE MEET-
ING ELEKTRA, MATT?



MATT?



HE'S
GONE!

IN THE SHADOW OF A
NEARBY BUILDING...



I MEANT TO GIVE THIS
SCARF TO ELEKTRA AS
A BIRTHDAY GIFT.

BUT NOW IT'S MY ONLY
MEANS OF DISGUISE.

HAVE TO GAIN
ALTITUDE--
SCAN THE
SITUATION.



NOW I'LL SEE IF ALL
THOSE HOURS OF
SECRET TRAINING
COUNT FOR ANYTHING!



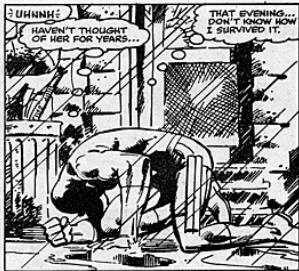






DON'T
GO...

PLEASE, DARLING...
DON'T GO... KOFF
KOFF



UHHNNH...

HAVEN'T THOUGHT
OF HER FOR YEARS...

THAT EVENING...
DON'T KNOW HOW
I SURVIVED IT.

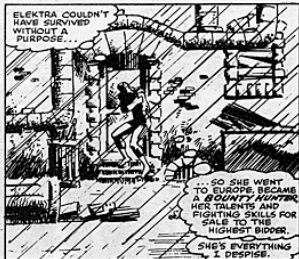


NEVER HEARD FROM
HER AGAIN. NEVER
IN ALL THE YEARS
THAT FOLLOWED.

I KEPT BUSY.
I HAD MY CAREER.
AND, IN TIME, I
HAD DAREDEVIL.

THE WOUND SHE
LEFT HEALED...
UNTIL TONIGHT
IT WAS RUPTURED
WIDE OPEN...

...JUST LIKE
THIS SHOULDER.
SWEET OF HER
TO BANDAGE
IT.



ELEKTRA COULDN'T
HAVE SURVIVED
WITHOUT A
PURPOSE...

...SO SHE WENT
TO EUROPE, BECAME
A BOUNTY HUNTER,
HER TALENTS AND
FIGHTING SKILLS FOR
SALE TO THE
HIGHEST BIDDER.
SHE'S EVERYTHING
I DESPISE.



BUT INSIDE THE
RUTHLESS BOUNTY
HUNTER IS A
WOMAN--A WOMAN
WHO BANDAGED MY
ARM AND PROBABLY
SAVED MY LIFE.

SHE'S A BITTER,
LONELY WOMAN
WHOSE STRIKING
BACK AT THE
WORLD THAT
ROBBED HER
OF HER FATHER.

YET SHE'S
STILL A WOMAN--
THE FIRST WOMAN
I EVER LOVED.

THAT'S A
HARD THING
TO FORGET.



BUT IT
DOESN'T
COUNT.
NONE
OF IT.

NO MATTER HOW MUCH
IT PAINS ME, I MUST
HUNT ELEKTRA DOWN...

...AND BRING
HER TO
JUSTICE!

A TENEMENT,
SOMEWHERE
BELOW
HOUSTON
STREET...

KRAKOWW

LIEBER
GOTT!

THE STORM--
IT IS DRIVING
ME MAD!

THAT IS BECAUSE
YOU ARE A COWARD,
WALLENQUIST.

A COWARD--AND
AN AMATEUR.

ONLY AN AMATEUR
WOULD STUMBLE INTO
THIS PREDICAMENT.
NEEDED AS A MATERIAL
WITNESS IN A LOCAL
MURDER TRIAL--

--AND STALKED BY A
BOUNTY HUNTER FOR
CRIMES COMMITTED
IN EUROPE.

SLOPPY,
WALLEN-
QUIST.
VERY
SLOPPY.

THAT IS A
POOR WAY TO
SPEAK TO
YOUR EMPLOYER,
MEIN FREUND!

I AM
NOT
YOUR
FRIEND.

...AND PRESENTLY, MY
ASSOCIATES AND I ARE
ALL THAT IS KEEPING YOU
FROM BEING ARRESTED--
OR KILLED.

KEEP THAT
IN MIND.

'ASSOCIATES'...
A BUNCH OF
HIRED KILLERS...

GLUG

'SCUSE ME,
MISTER
SLAUGHTER--

--BILGE FINALLY
CALLED IN."

YES SIR, MISTER
SLAUGHTER. I KNOW
I'M LATE. I RAN
INTO A LITTLE BIT
OF TROUBLE...

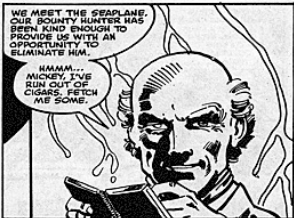
DAREDEVIL SHOWED
UP AND TRIED TO
MAKE ME AND
TURK TELL HIM
WHERE YOU GOT
WALLENQUIST.

NO SIR. TURK
ALMOST TALKED,
BUT I SCRAMMED
'EM BOTH WITH
A BOTTLE OF
NITRO.

YES, SIR. IT'S ALL
SET UP. THE SEA-
PLANE WILL BE READY
TO TAKE WALLENQUIST
OUTTA TOWN AT FOUR
O'CLOCK. JUST LIKE YO
WANTED.

WHAT? NO SIR, NO SIGN
OF NO BOUNTY HUNTER!

YES SIR, MISTER SLAUGHTER.
I'LL STAY PUT. I PROMISE.





FOUR A.M., ON
AN ABANDONED
STRETCH OF
THE WEST SIDE
WATERFRONT...













Name: Michael Gill
Address: Edenmore, Ballinamuck, Co Longford, Eire.
Offering: (Weeklies) Super Spider-Man 490; Daredevils 1; (Monthly) Conan 53.
Wanted: Invader 40; Super Heroes 1979; Spider Super Stories 3; Marvel Team-Up 1-25, 84.

Name: Neil Hemingway
Address: 41 Newlands Walk, Stanley, Wakefield
Offering: (USA Monthlies) Ms Marvel 18, 19; Marvel Premier 42; Warlord of Mars (John Carter) 25; Conan 127; Marvel Two-In-One 80; Moon Knight 2; Avengers 201; Marvel Team-Up 69; Captain America 249, 277; Power-Man & Iron Fist 49, 50, 80, 84
Wanted: (USA) The New Mutants 1, 2; Spider-Man Annual 16

Name: SJ Boswell
Address: 20 Bull Lane, Wombourne, Wolverhampton, Staffs, WV5 9DA
Offering: Avengers 181, 182; Captain America 177; Daredevils 113, 167; Defenders 69, 89, 108; FF 133; Machine Man 11; Man-Thing 9; Marvel Team-Up 88; Nova 5, 8, 12; Peter Parker 57; Power-Man 21; Rom 37; She-Hulk 9; Werewolf 22; X-Men 92 (All American Monthlies); (British) Spider-Man Pocket Book 1; (All near to mint condition)
Wanted: American Marvels before 1977 (Must be in mint condition)

★ ★ ★

Name: David Stafford
Address: 14 Liam Mellows Park, Wexford, Ireland.
Offering: (UK) Captain Britain 3, Rampage Weekly 4, 14, 18; Marvel Action 3, 4, 9; Superheroes 10, 20, 43, 46, 47; Titans 29, 38, 53, 55, 58; FF 19, 24, 26, 29, 33; Spider-Man 139, 147, 151, 178, 198, 203, 207, 208, 231, 233-236, 239-241, 245, 251, 261, 262, 265, 275, 279-281, 283, 284, 287, 288, 296, 300, 306-308, 310, 339, 346, 354, 358, 388, 390, 407-409; MWOM 126, 206, 216, 224, 229, 233, 238, 242, 272, 278; (Monthlies) Rampage 3, 5, 10, 14, 50, 52; Superheroes 355-359, 373; Starburst 29; Marvel Collections (contains Star Wars 8, 9, 11; FF 23, 27; Rampage Weekly 24, 26; MWOM 289; Spider-Man 2601); (P/B) Spider-Man 2, 26, 28; FF 2, 28; Chiller 1, 11, 26, 27; X-Men 26
Wanted: (UK) Avengers except 82, 84; Doctor Who Monthly 54, 59-66, 70 upwards.

★ ★ ★

Name: Rajnikant Mistry
Address: 4 Coppicewood Avenue, Lidget Green, Bradford 7
Offering: (All US Monthlies) Ghost Rider 61, 62; Power Man 26-31, 39, 44, 46, 47, 49, 77; Iron Man 103, 104, 107, 109-111; Defenders 45, 46, 49, 71, 72, 79, 94, 97; Captain America 193-197, 207-257, 263; Marvel Premiere 31, 41, 49, 54, 55; Marvel Classics 4, 6, 10, 18, 22; Howard the Duck 14, 17; FF 180, 235; Marvel Triple Action 44, 45; Marvel Greatest Comics 68, 94; Thor 307; Two-In-One 67, 68; Son of Satan 1; Tales to Astonish 12; Jungle Action 16; Blazing Battle Tales 1; 2001 4; Man-Thing 1; Machine Man 15; plus over 170 British Weeklies and Monthlies; Marvel Treasury Edition 13
Wanted: (All US Monthlies) Rom 3-16, 34 onwards; X-Men 94-143, 146, 149; Moon Knight 1-30; FF 110-227; Conan 60-114; Thor 300; Daredevil 50-112, 158-189 onwards; Spider-Man 48 onwards; Avengers 100-190, 200; Spider-Man 130-213; Hulk 200-257; Micronauts 1-25, 36-49; Peter Parker 1-160; Captain America 214-230, 235; Tarzan 3-22; John Carter of Mars 1-23; Champions 11 onwards; any US Giant Size Comics; any US Black/White Marvel Comics; any US Annals

Name: Steven Peck
Address: Rostelland, Broadfield, Naas, Co. Kildare, Ireland
Offering: (British Weeklies) Mighty World of Marvel 284; Doctor Who 43; FF (weekly) 1, 6, 7; The Savage Sword of Conan 1; Spider-Man Weekly 359; Star Wars Weekly 4, 14-17, 22, 25 (5 and 6 but in very bad condition); (British Monthlies) Doctor Who 44, 47, 49, 55; Daredevil Winter Special 1982; Marvel Superheroes 372; Roy of the Rovers Annual 1980 (Hardback); Spider-Man Summer Special (Silverline Six); X-Men Winter Special 1982; (American Monthlies) Archie 294; Betty and Me 96; Betty and Veronica 474; Life with Archie 200, 215; Richie Rich 173; Pk Books X-Men 12-14, 16, 17, 23; FF 8, 9; Spider-Man 16; Avengers 174, 196-199, 208; Battlestar Galactica 1, 3, 8, 11, 13-15, 19-21; Black Panther 10; Captain America 191 (good); 209, 258; Conan 61, 69 (torn cover), 109-112; Daredevil 146, 147, 164, 171; Eternals 1; Ghost Rider 45, 46, Hulk 219, 229, 235, 236, 242, 246, 248, 251; Iron Man 81, 98, 99, 105; John Carter 6-8, 24, 28; Jungle Action 13, 14 (1975); Machine Man 11, 18; Marvel's Greatest (FF) 81, 82, 85, 86, 94-96; Marvel Premiere 30, 44-46, 49, 56, 60 (Doctor Who); Marvel Spotlight (old) 27 (Sub-

mariner), 28, 29 (1st Moon Knight), (new) 7, 9; Marvel Super Action 32; Marvel Superheroes 65, 83, 90-92, 94; Marvel Tales 74, 98, 104-105; Marvel Triple Action 44, 45, 47; Marvel Two-In-One 56, 60, 63; Master of Kung Fu 68, 90-95; Mighty Marvel Western 46; Ms Marvel 23; Peter Parker 26 (Daredevil); Rawhide Kid 140 (Good pages missing); Sergeant Fury 150; She-Hulk 4-8, 10, 17, 18, 22-24; Shogun Warriors 2, 17, 20; Spider-Man 214-216; Spider-Woman 6, 18, 33, 34; Tales to Astonish (new) 13; Thor 234, 282; Tomb of Dracula 66-68; X-Men 120, 132, 135, 136, 138, 147, 149, 150 (Giant)
Wanted: (American Monthlies) Avengers 1-26, 28, 31-34, 36, 39, 49-61, 72, 74, 75, 93-100, 121-127; Annals 1-9; Daredevils 158-169; Hulk 179-182; Iron Fist 1, 15; Marvel Team-Up Annual 1; Silver Surfer 1-8; Spider-Man Annual 1-6; X-Men 1-107, 109, 110, 112, 113, 115-118, 121-130

★ ★ ★

Name: Shaun Dean
Address: 78 Alnwick Road, Sheffield, S12 2GF
Offering: (All US Mags) Avengers 200, 204, 205; Captain America 254, 255; Dazzler 1; FF 190, 192, 193, 196-200, 207, 220-228; Iron Man 114-121, 143, 144, 146; Marvel Team Up 81, 100, 102-110; Marvel Two-In-One 72, 73; Nova 17, 18, 19; Silver Surfer (New 1982 Edition) 1; Thor 300; What If 27 (What If Phoenix had not died), 35 (What If Electra had lived); Wolverine 2, 3, 4; X-Men 121, 137, 142, 143, 108, 111-116, 123-136, 138-141
Wanted: (All US Mags) Justice League of America 48, 58, 67, 80-86, 90, 92, 93, 95-98, 100-109, 110, 111, 114, 115; New Teen Titans 1, 4, 7; Daredevil 158, 161, 169

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Note: In The Daredevils No 7 Comic Mart page there was an entry from Lee Hughes. He has since changed his address. Anyone interested in his comic swaps should write to: Lee Hughes, 10 Lower Steeping, Desborough, Northants.



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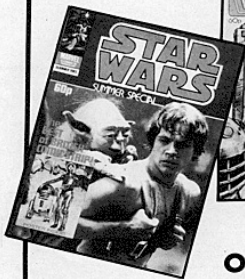
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THE QUESTION : WHAT IF
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CRIME ?



ELEMENTARY-- ARE YOU KIDDIN' ?
I MEAN, TAKE A LOOK --

THE
SLASHER'S
GETTING
AWAY!

PER-
FER-
RING
IT!

C'MON, OLD-
TIMER, WHERE'S
MY PROTECTION
MONEY--



--AN' HOWCUM MY APPEARANCE AIN'T
STRIKIN' TERROR IN YER HEART ?



UHP! WEB-
SWINGING AIN'T
TH' WAY EITHER--

--HEIGHTS MAKE
ME NAUSEOUS!

ARRR! AND PUNY SOLDIERS MAKE
OBNOXIO-HULK EVEN MORE
OBNOXIOUS!



PUNY SOLDIERS' PUNY MOTHERS
ALL WEAR ARMY BOOTS! NYAH!



BUT BEIN' AN
OBNOXIO-WOLVERINE
HAS GOT ITS
ADVANTAGES --

-- I CAN OPEN UP A DOZEN
SIX-PACKS AT ONCE !



"AS AN OBNOXIO-DAREDEVIL, I
COULD EAVESDROP ON PUNCH-
LINES ALL OVER TOWN."



WHO WANTS TO
FIGHT CRIME
WHEN I CAN
PUNCH HOLES IN
MOUNTAINS?

A HOLE IN ONE!
NYUK!



THIS IS
OBNOXIO THE
WATCHER.

ALL I WATCH
ARE OLD T.V.
SIT-COMS--

-- SO I DON'T
KNOW WHY I'M
HERE OR IF THIS IS --

THE END